CANDOUR

Founded by A.K. Chesterton in 1953

To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of their world heritage

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The Media's 'New Messiah'

YOU ROCK, OBAMA!
WE LOVE YOU!
HE'S SO DREAMY!
HEY, CUTIE!
STOP THROWING YOUR UNDERWEAR AT HIM AND MAKE WAY FOR THE MEDIA!
WE ARE THE MEDIA.

Minions of the New World Order

President elect Barack Obama has made choices for 'change'. How many times have we heard the word 'change' from the racially challenged Obama. He is not Black. He is mixed-race. Consider the following uncomfortable facts that the corporate media will never tell you in a month of Sundays; Hillary Clinton is now Secretary of State of the USA. This is not change but a seamless transition between the Bush neo-cons and Obama's neo-liberal choices.

Hillary Clinton as Secretary of State will continue the Bush-Clinton legacy of mass murder and "humanitarian" interventions in "failed states" not toting the New World Order party line.

Clinton, that is the Ms, not the Mister, wrote for the Council on Foreign Affairs that ending "the war in Iraq is the first step toward restoring the United States' global leadership." Never mind her 2002 Senate vote allowing Bush and the neo-cons to invade Iraq and subsequently slaughter over a million Iraqis.

Clinton, as a member of the Senate Armed Service Committee, has stated that she wants to send more troops into the Afghan meat grinder and have them fight the CIA-created Taliban and al-Qaeda. Afghanistan needs to get "as much, if not more attention" than Iraq, said Clinton earlier this year on a campaign stop in Cape Fear, North Carolina, an appropriately named venue.

"The next president will be the first to inherit two wars, a long-term campaign against global terrorist networks, and growing tension with Iran as it seeks to acquire nuclear weapons. The United States will face a resurgent Russia whose future orientation is uncertain and a rapidly growing China that must be integrated into the international system," Clinton wrote for the CFR. In other words, the wars will continue, Iran will be "confronted" (bombed into submission), and Russia and China forced into the "international system," in other words the bankster system that thrives on looting and imposed debt misery.

If it's the truth you want,
It's Candour you need!

For the Fallen

By Hereward More

This journal has long been in the forefront of that second most important of all human battles, the battle to defend civilisation and the social structures founded upon civilised, classical values against the Judaic, the barbaric, and the inhuman powers and philosophies ranged against them - a battle second only to the personal struggle each of us must face, the fight to preserve and to practice in our own lives and our own persons all the values and virtues on which that same civilisation, and those same structures, are founded. If *Candour* seldom makes mention of that private, internal battle, its writers have never in the course of over half a century wavered in their advocacy of a society which could not be built, or re-built, if we as a people do not hold in common a belief in the Christian and classical virtues on which personal goodness depends; which is to say that the external and the internal battles are effectively one and the same, whichever should happen to be the immediate subject under discussion. All our politics and economics are grounded in our theology and philosophy, the theoretical frameworks on which our nation was created, and with it the spiritual enviroment in which British lives have been lived around the world and British culture developed. We can have no hope and but misguided charity if our faith should prove untrue; and we must never allow ourselves to forget for one instant that Britain can never again be Great if Britons have not greatness in them, the greatness of a pure faith and a noble life. With this in mind, I do not think I need apologise if I should seem to digress, for it is impossible to outline a practical ideology, recommend practical action, or detail a standpoint without a sure chart to steer by and a star to set our course.

And so I turn to the subject of the brave young men, and more recently women, who have fallen not that others might live free, but that their fellow countrymen may be enslaved; not for glory, but for plunder; not for truth, but for the very blackest of lie; not for England or America, but for Zion and One World. In recent times we have heard news of the deaths of British and American servicemen in Iraq and Afghanistan; and a few years ago commemorated the events of sixty years before in Italy and Normandy, and thirty years before that, in France and Belgium. In weeks and months to come as thousands of Americans and British are sent again 'surging' into fight where they cannot win; and as the anniversaries of the 1918 armistice passes - and that of the 'peace' treaties after it, we shall see both more deaths and more commerorations, and memories of one war will displace, or be displaced by, those of its successor or predecessor until all fade into a blur in which the colours of victory parades and funereal hatchments blend together, even as so often the blood of the youth of many nations has been blended and pored out over earth and sea in libation to the savage idols of avarice and world dominion.

In the case of each conflict, a clear and dispassionate examination of the facts at issue will disclose that we, as a nation, were either right to go to war or wrong; and where we were in the right, then our enemies were in the wrong. There is nothing wrong or unpatriotic about admitting in this way that we have sometimes been at fault, and there should be no hint of bitterness in our giving an honest judgement that our enemies brought the misfortune of war upon themselves. The fact is that the British people have been manipulated and deceived on frequent occasions, and that our ostensible enemies have been not treated by those responsible for shaping public opinion in their countries. Indeed, on examination, it is often found that those responsible for the deceit are, if not the same, then at least closely related, both by common interests and by shared origins.

All too often, it is possible to look at our 'enemy' abroad, the man beyond the sea, and to recognise him not as a foreigner or one strange to us, but a brother and, by rights, a friend. This is not to deny the reality of the differences between peoples and races and nations, or between cultures and civilisations; that would be to fashion a falsehood by going further than truth demands, just as socialism is a lie built on the truth that those who have nothing have a right to share in the goods of the obscenely wealthy. It is to affirm, firstly and on a basic level, the common humanity that can be made more or less real to us as we deal with others, within and between our separate nations, on a human level, which is to say dealing with people as they really are, with all their differences of nature; or alternatively dealing with people either as the caricatures presented by those who have so often deceived us into going to war, or else to deal with people as economic, or military, or production, or consumer units, as barriers, or as conduits. Secondly, and on a more immediate level, it is to affirm the real brotherhood (*yes* brotherhood, not identity) between kindred peoples, those who share some history or common antecedents - and we who are 'Roman and Saxon and Celt' share much with many.

This thought gives an added poignancy to all our consideration of wars long, and not so long, passed, because it leads us to the reflection that our enemies are not the country on the other side, the easily identifiable 'enemy' of a particular war; no, our enemies are those hidden in our midst who have led us to make war on our friends and fellows, and have led them to make war on us. They are the enemies who fight against us and our interests, they are intent on leading us to our destruction, both as as a country and as a people. The other army in the field is only fighting the hateful, twisted, monstrous image of us that our real enemies have painted for them; and if truth be told, it looks pretty much like the images they painted for, or of, us.

Let us, for example, take a closer look at the enemy in the field today. The origins of Islam are shrouded in mystery, the historical truth underlying its foundational myths cannot be established. So we can only speculate as to whether there was, in fact, a Prophet Mohammed and the extent to which he was responsible for the text attributed to him. However, this much is certain, that Islam is not an alien faith; its teachings are, ultimately, derived from those of the Church, perhaps at one remove, being derived from contact between Christian and pagan peoples rather than directly from missionaries. Its Christian roots mean that, for all its theological distortions (which are best left for theologians to discuss), Islam expresses Greek philosophy, Roman order and Christian virtue - the three pillars of our civilisation - meaning that the Islamic peoples share deeply in our cultural roots (North Africa, Turkey and the Middle-East are, after all, the southern provinces of the Roman Empire). This means that they will always find our own enemies utterly inimical, hence the ready support the Caudillo found amongst the Moroccan soldiery - 'We will gladly fight with you against the men who have no God'. Hence, although Islam was fostered by our true enemies for nigh a thousand years, as they hoped to divide civilisation against itself by mere differences of theology, when it was full-grown they found it an implacable opponent of all that was dark, satanic, deathly Judaic and materialistic. Thus, they found it necessary to create another religious revolt that did not centre on the niceties of theology, but spawned a multitude of sects, each shrouding an inhuman of death in the clothes of Christian words and forms. Out of these sects came the Protes-

tant 'Christian' Zionism that finds its natural outcome in the present conflict, and in the policy that sees our Anglo-Saxon and Celtic armies fighting the so-called 'State of Israel's' enemies for it.

However, whilst we recognise the Islamic peoples as co-heirs with ourselves to the riches of classical civilisation, we should not become carried away and forget that, on the whole, the Moslem faith has taken root amongst less developed peoples. It is a civilising influence amongst them; more than half the Indian Army of the Raj was Moslem, and the horrors of child sacrifice, suttee and thug murders, which are resurgent in independent India, are unknown amongst the Islamic tribes of the Subcontinent. Nevertheless, the Moslem peoples, the Balkan nations apart, are undeveloped and tribal nations, and it is inevitable that that will mean that much of their behaviour is not shaped by the rational and civilised values their religion might teach. President Saddam Hussain was not a model leader; his rule was marred by acts of brutality, venality and, at times, sheer stupidity in pursuit of a mythological heroism. Yet the cause for which he fought his final battle was a noble one; for he died in defence of the principle that a country is not the creature, the servant or the vassal of international institutions, but the dynamic relationship between a nation (which is to say a race, or people), expressing itself politically as a state, and the land it holds proper to itself. If the atavistic hatreds the semitic nations harbour towards each other and towards all those with whom they live in close proximity led Saddam to commit atrocities against non-Arab peoples whose lands the 'peace' treaties I mentioned placed within the boundaries of an artificial 'country' doomed to fail in repeated bloodshed, then we must remember to his credit that those same atavistic tribal urges strengthened his cultural anomosity towards our real enemy, binding him with ties of blood to the Palestinian people - Iraq was the most generous of nations in its charitable support for the families of those who gave their lives and limbs for justice's sake in the sad country, and that could not but arouse the fury of their enemy and ours, hence the continuing bloodshed at this particular time.

Now let us return to those commemorations I touched upon earlier. How are we to approach these events? How can we rejoice as we remember the murder of brothers and friends, not to mention the countless innocents, the women and children far behind the lines routinely slaughtered in 'modern' warfare? Dare we be proud of those who fell in battle when the war was fought for a lie? Can we trumpet the heroism of a man who killed a friend and let his children starve? Perhaps the head says no, but that is to apply a false and inhuman logic to matters where the heart alone must rule. Reason is human, but rationalism is inhuman. It is in the deepest reaches of our instincts that our qualities, as individuals and as a people are put to the test, and are proven true, if we do but live as men ought. We must always speak and write with the head, but it is not wrong to act with the heart, so long as the heart be fed not on fantasies, but on truth and with it righteousness. What good heart does not thrill as we remember our country's victories and our heroes? What patriot does not stand straighter and walk taller when he thinks on battles glorious and men brave? And so we salute the dead of needless wars, not as Binyon said, because they have "fallen in the cause of the free", but because,

"They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe".

In the face of the willing self-sacrifice of the flower of a nation's youth, what heart could be so stony as to hold itself aloof on political or philosophical grounds? No patriot heart I'm sure, perhaps no human heart at all, certainly no heart I'd care to hear beating in a British breast.

As I look upon the dead of the Iraq conflict, of Caen, of Ypres and of Vaal Kraantz I do not see wasted lives, although their deaths were unnecessary; I see only the ultimate expression of the greatness of heart and nobility of life that built our nation. I remember then that it is not because we have won wars, nor because we conquered and held the mightiest empire in the history of man, but rather because as a people and as a nation we had and have the qualities that enabled us to do so, that Britain is a country worthy of our love and loyalty; and a country of whose love and loyalty we have a duty to prove ourselves worthy, as so many others have proved themselves worthy.

The human values by which we stand, the values that built our nation teach us that lesson. They teach us also to remember that those qualities and virtues are of the essence of humanity; they have been great in our people because, as a nation, we have lived by human values, but they are not ours alone. Wherever men have lived as men, and women lived as women, the virtues and qualities of greatness have been found; other nations have had victories, other peoples given birth to heroes. I remember that when I think of the cheery fieldgreys singing 'Stille Nacht' and kicking a ball with Tommy Atkins and his pals across the wastes of no-man's land - there's something to commemorate come Christmas time, a small triumph over the forces of inhumanity, of materialism, of mechanisation, and of destruction. As battle began again, who can doubt that our enemies rejoiced?

Yet the qualities and virtues of which I speak do not arise in a vacuum out of nowhere; they are fostered in a culture of virtue, a civilisation in which the qualities of greatness are nurtured, a tradition of nobility. That culture, that civilisation, and that tradition can only be created if they are reinforced constantly by examples of human greatness, of bravery, of loyalty, and of faith; which is to say, that when so ever a man gives his life in answer to his country's call, or even volunteers his willingness to do so, his sacrifice is not wasted even if the call should be in some unworthy cause and the victory won should be at great cost, or even should the battle be lost; for the example he shows does not only offer a guideline for others to follow - that would be a cold and clinical thing indeed - when he falls in battle he offers all that he has and all that he is to be, the life blood and vitality, the health and the strength of his nation. It is sacrifices like those that are the very meat and drink of a people; and as Britons we may be proud that for us there have been many such sacrifices, and those it was that shaped our nation. This points to the fact that the qualities of a people and their country are not merely tested by warfare, they are created by it.

It is this that lets me dare hope for a future in which warfare is no more - a paradox indeed, you might think. Let me explain. As I have already said, this country, and with it the colonies she founded and all the civilised countries of the world, has faced a succession of wars precipitated by our hidden enemy, who sets brother against brother and friend against friend as he wages an occult war against us with a view to the destruction of all nation states, save only the Nation of the once Chosen race, which intends to reign over an otherwise undifferentiated (and therefore, defenceless world. Some of these wars may have targeted particular enemies of our foe, but they are primarily intended to destroy the bravest and best of each nation - and so they do: It is not the coward, or the weakling, who gives his life for his country and his comrade, but the hero; and the enemy knows it all too well.

However, he knows nothing of the human values and virtues that make for the greatness of a nation. He knows nothing of the straightforward bravery and honesty of fighting "with faces to the foe", he knows only how to skulk in corners, to bribe, and to betray. He knows only the shadows and the hours of darkness for his own, and now if we seem to see him show his face even in the bright blaze of noon, it is only because he dares hope the victory is his. He cannot even begin to imagine that rather than being discouraged or terrified by the deaths of our comrades and countrymen, we are heartened and draw our strength from them; by them our weak are made strong, and our strong like very lions. He simply does not understand that the goodness and greatness of our bravest and best fallen in battle is not lost to us at their deaths , it is redoubled, not only in their present comrades, but in generation after generation. Therein lies his destruction and our hope! He will not learn, he cannot learn, he has not the nobility of soul to learn that the blood of the brave is the seed of future greatness and the life of the people; for us it is always a reason to fight on and on and harder, and never a reason for surrender, that lesson is beyond the enemies grasp, and will remain beyond him evermore.

In this we can catch a glimpse of a deeper truth, and it is an eternal truth that lies hidden from the coarse and impure gaze of those who do our enemy's bidding to be revealed only to the eyes of faith. That truth is this; that the eternal battle, the battle for men's hearts and souls, is waged over and over again, in the individual man or woman, in our country and between countries, and even in the heavens. It is right to speak of our 'enemy', and not our 'enemies'; for those enemies of ours who lie hidden in our midst have but a single head, whom they cannot see, but whose voice speaks to their innermost depths; they are, as it were, his earthly limbs. So also do we fight under a single Head, and play out again the battle that He once fought in a place called, in Hebrew, Golgotha. We are His Mystical Body on earth in very truth. We must fight His good fight in our own lives, in whatsoever way He should call upon us so to do. The Martyrs of past ages, whose blood said Tertullian, was the seed of the Church, fought it in their lives and in their deaths; and, dying, they conquered. The dead of our human battles fought it, even more than they fought those whom they had been taught to call 'enemies', and who themselves fought the self-same battle. In giving their lives for us they gave a perfect figure of the death of "one Man for the sake of the people, that the whole nation might not perish" (Jn. XI 50). In feeding the body of their people by their sacrifices in a figurative sense, they offer us an image of One Who Feeds His own people with His own Flesh and Blood in a real sense. If they did not now their real enemy, it was because their enemy knew them; and if we should be led by their example to take up arms against that enemy, and to oppose those who do his bidding, then do we more fully follow in the path of One Who knows all things and sees each skirmish on the battlefield of our lives.

So, let us salute those who gave their lives in needless wars and died for unrighteous causes; for there is a war concealed behind these wars, and a cause for which they fought hidden behind these causes; and that war, and that cause, were those of Him Who is all goodness and all truth. If their deaths give us cause to hope, it is because they shared in the death of Him Who is hope itself, and died that His people might be resurrected into life eternal. In their earthly victories, and even in their defeats, they won a greater victory over inhumanity, death and darkness; and it is a victory in which we too may have our share if we do but follow their example, in life and death, by taking Him Who led them into battle for our own Captain in the Fight.

As our yearly commemoration of The Fallen passes let us remind ourselves of the words of Sir john Arkwright's hymn, ***O Valiant Hearts***. It is one we seldom hear these days, perhaps some people find it cuts too close to the bone for their liking.

O Valiant Hearts

O valiant hearts who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

Proudly you gathered rank on rank, to war
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave,
To save mankind - yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made;
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet call of God.

Long years ago , as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay,
Christ our Redeemer, passed the self same way.

Still stands his Cross from that dread hour to this,
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of God;
Victor, He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,
Whose Cross has brought them and Whose staff has led,
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to Thy gracious hand.

Words: John Stanhope Arkwright.
Music: Gustav Holst.

* * * * *

Mr. Harry Patch 110.
"Too many died.
War isn't worth one life...
....it was the calculated and condoned slaughter of human beings."

One of only 3 known British survivors of the 'Great War' Harry Patch is the last to have fought in the trenches. The others being Mr. Henry Allingham, 112, RAF, and Mr. William Stone, 108, Royal Navy.

Just a Thought....

It is only the great sinner who can do the two things of hating the sin and loving the sinner - the other sort only *hate the sinner.*

J. B. YEATS

Enoch Powell
The 'Rivers of Blood' speech

Rt. Hon. John Enoch Powell, MBE (1912-1998). Classical scholar, poet, brigadier and politician. Conservative (1950-1974) and Ulster Unionist (1974-1987) MP. Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Housing and local Government (1955-1957), Financial Secretary to the Treasury (1957-1958), Minister of Health (1960-1963). Leading anti-immigration campaigner and pre-eminent Eurosceptic.

(For a fuller biography and more information visit www.enochpowell.net)

Let us be honest now, and here I put my hand up, how many of us know any more about *that* speech than we have been fed? The line we get is that is was full of 'racial hatred'. I believe you can judge for yourselves. Yes, it was forty years ago that Enoch Powell made *that* speech in Birmingham on 20 April 1968.

That Speech in Full

The supreme function of statesmanship is to provide against preventable evils. In seeking to do so, it encounters obstacles which are deeply rooted in human nature. One is that by the very order of things such evils are not demonstrable until they have occurred: at each stage in their onset there is room for doubt and for dispute whether they be real or imaginary. By the same token, they attract little attention in comparison with current troubles, which are both indisputable and pressing: whence the besetting temptation of all politics to concern itself with the immediate present at the expense of the future.

Above all, people are disposed to mistake predicting troubles for causing troubles and even for desiring troubles: "If only," they love to think, "if only people wouldn't talk about it, it probably wouldn't happen." Perhaps this habit goes back to the primitive belief that the word and the thing, the name and the object, are identical.

At all events, the discussion of future grave but, with effort now, avoidable evils is the most unpopular and at the same time the most necessary occupation for the politician. Those who knowingly shirk it, deserve, and not infrequently receive, the curses of those who come after.

A week or two ago I fell into conversation with a constituent, a middle-aged, quite ordinary working man employed in one of our nationalised industries. After a sentence or two about the weather, he suddenly said: "If I had the money to go, I wouldn't stay in this country." I made some deprecatory reply to the effect that even this Government wouldn't last forever; but he took no notice, and continued: "I have three children, all of them have been through grammar school and two are married now, with family. I shan't be satisfied till I have seen them all settled overseas. In this country in 15 or 20 years' time the black man will have the whip hand over the White man."

I can already hear the chorus of execration. How dare I say such a horrible thing! How dare I stir up trouble and inflame feelings by repeating such a conversation?

Enoch Powell addresses his constituents in 1968. Solid English stock who were clearly bewildered by the changing times. The greatest Empire the world has ever seen 'disappeared' after so much sacrifice.

The answer is that I do not have the right not to do so. Here is a decent, ordinary fellow Englishman, who in broad daylight in my own town says to me, his Member of Parliament, that this country will not be worth living in for his children. I simply do not have the right to shrug my shoulders and think about something else. What he is saying, thousands and hundreds of thousands are saying and thinking - not throughout Great Britain, perhaps, but in the areas that are already undergoing the total transformation to which there is no parallel in a thousand years of English history.

In 15 or 20 years, on present trends, there will be in this country three and a half million Commonwealth immigrants and their descendants. That is not my figure. That is the official figure given to Parliament by the spokesman of the Registrar General's office. There is no comparable official figure for the year 2000, but it must be in the region of five to seven million, approximately one-tenth of the whole population, and approaching that of Greater London. Of course, it will not be evenly distributed from Margate to Aberystwth and from Penzance to Aberdeen. Whole areas, towns and parts of towns across England will be occupied by different sections of the immigrant and immigrant-descended population.

As time goes on, the proportion of this total who are immigrant descendants, those born in England, who arrived here by exactly the same route as the rest of us, will rapidly increase. Already by 1985 the native-born would constitute the majority. It is this fact above all which creates the extreme urgency of action now, of just that kind of action which is hardest for politicians to take, action where the difficulties lie in the present but the evils to be prevented or minimised lie several parliaments ahead.

The natural and rational first question with a nation confronted by such a prospect is to ask: "How can its dimensions be reduced?" Granted it be not wholly preventable, can it

be limited, bearing in mind that numbers are of the essence: the significance and consequences of an alien element introduced into a country or population are profoundly different according to whether that element is 1 per cent or 10 per cent. The answers to the simple and rational question are equally simple and rational: by stopping or virtually stopping further inflow, and by promoting the maximum outflow. Both answers are part of the official policy of the Conservative party.

It almost passes belief that at this moment 20 or 30 additional immigrant children are arriving from overseas in Wolverhampton alone every week - and that means 15 or 20 additional families a decade or two hence. Those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. We must be mad, literally mad, as a nation to be permitting the annual inflow of some 50,000 dependants, who are for the most part the material of the future growth of the immigrant-descended population. It is like watching a nation busily engaged in heaping up its own funeral pyre. So insane are we that we actually permit unmarried persons to immigrate for the purpose of founding a family with spouses and fiancees whom they have never seen.

Let no one suppose that the flow of dependants will automatically tail off. On the contrary, even at the present admission rate of only 5,000 a year by voucher, there is sufficient for a further 25,000 dependants per annum *ad infinitum*, without taking into account the huge reservoir of existing relations in this country - and I am making no allowance at all for fraudulent entry. In these circumstances nothing will suffice but that the total inflow for settlement should be reduced at once to negligible proportions, and that the necessary legislative and administrative measures be taken without delay.

I stress the words "for settlement." This has nothing to do with the entry of Commonwealth citizens, any more than of aliens, into this country, for the purposes of study or of improving their qualifications, like (for instance) the Commonwealth doctors who, to the advantage of their own countries, have enabled our hospital service to be expanded faster than would otherwise have been possible. These are not, and never have been, immigrants.

I turn to re-emigration. If all immigration ended tomorrow, the rate of growth of the immigrant and immigrant-descended population would be substantially reduced, but the prospective size of this element in the population would still leave the basic character of the national danger unaffected. This can only be tackled while a considerable proportion of the total still comprises persons who entered this country during the last ten years or so.

Hence the urgency of implementing now the second element of the Conservative Party's policy: the encouragement of re-emigration. Nobody can make an estimate of the numbers which, with generous grants and assistance, would choose either to return to their countries of origin or to go to other countries anxious to receive the manpower and the skills they represent. Nobody knows, because no such policy has yet been attempted. I can only say that, even at present, immigrants in my own constituency from time to time come to me, asking if I can find them assistance to return home. If such a policy were adopted and pursued with the determination which the gravity of the alternative justifies, the resultant outflow could appreciably alter the prospects for the future

Above, an example of the populist reaction that Powell inspired in 1968.

It can be no part of any policy that existing family should be kept divided; but there are two directions in which families can be reunited, and if our former and present immigration laws have brought about the division of families, albiet voluntary or semi-voluntary, we ought to be prepared to arrange for them to be reunited in their countries of origin.

In short, suspension of immigration and encouragement of re-emigration hang together, logically and humanly, as two aspects of the same approach.

The third element of the Conservative Party's policy is that all who are in this country as citizens should be equal before the law and that there shall be no discrimination or difference made between them by public authority. As Mr. Heath has put it we will have no "first-class citizens" and "second-class citizens." This does not mean that the immigrant and his descendants should be elevated into a privileged or special class or that the citizen should be denied his right to discriminate in the management of his own affairs between one fellow citizen and another or that he should be subjected to inquisition as to his reasons and motives for behaving in one lawful manner rather than another.

There could be no grosser misconception of the realities than is entertained by those who vociferously demand legislation as they call it "against discrimination", whether they be leader-writers of the same kidney and sometimes on the same newspapers which year after year in the 1930s tried to blind this country to the rising peril which confronted it, or archbishops who live in palaces, faring delicately with the bedclothes pulled right over their heads. They have got it exactly and diametrically wrong. The discrimination and the deprivation, the sense of alarm and resentment, lies not with the immigrant population but with those among whom they have come and are still coming. This is why to enact legislation of the kind before Parliament at this moment is to risk throwing a match on to gunpowder. The kindest thing that can be said about those who propose an support it is that they know not what they do.

Nothing is more misleading than comparison between the Commonwealth immigrant in Britain and the American Negro. The Negro population of the United States, which was already in existence before the United States became a nation, started literally as slaves and were later given the franchise and other rights of citizenship, to the exercise of which they have only gradually and still incompletely come. The Commonwealth immigrant came to Britain as a full citizen, to a country which knows no discrimination between one citizen and another, and he entered instantly into the possession of the rights of every citizen, from the vote to free treatment under the National

Health Service. Whatever drawbacks attended the immigrants - and they were drawbacks which did not, and do not, make admission into Britain by hook or by crook appear less than desirable - arose not from the law or from public policy or from administration but from those personal circumstances and accidents which cause, and always will cause, the fortunes and experience of one man to be different from another's.

But while, to the immigrant, entry to this country was admission to privileges and opportunities eagerly sought, the impact upon the existing population was very different. For reasons which they could not comprehend, and in pursuance of a decision by default, on which they were never consulted, they found themselves made strangers in their own country.

They found their wives unable to obtain hospital beds in childbirth, their children unable to obtain school places, their homes and neighbourhoods changed beyond recognition, their plans and prospects for the future defeated; at work they found that employers hesitated to apply to the immigrant worker the standards of discipline and competence required of the native-born worker; they began to hear, as time went by, more and more voices which told them that they were now the unwanted. They now learn that a one-way privilege is to be established by Act of Parliament; a law which cannot, and is not intended to, operate to protect them or redress their grievances is to be enacted to give the stranger, the disgruntled and the agent-provocateur the power to pillory them for their private actions.

In the hundreds upon hundreds of letters I received when I last spoke on this subject two or three months ago, there was one stiking feature which was largely new and which I find ominous. All Members of Parliament are used to the typical anonymous correspondent; but what surprised and alarmed me was the high proportion of ordinary, decent, sensible people, writing a rational and often well-educated letter, who believed that they had to omit their address because it was dangerous to have committed themselves to paper to a Member of Parliament agreeing with the views I had expressed, and that they would risk either penalties or reprisals if they were known to have done so. The sense of being a persecuted minority which is growing among ordinary English people in the areas of the country which are affected is something that those without direct experience can hardly imagine. I am going to allow just one of those hundreds of people to speak for me. She did give her name and address, which I have detached from the letter which I am about to read. She was writing from Northumberland about something which is happening at this moment in my own constituency:

'Eight years ago in a respectable street in Wolverhampton a house was sold to a Negro. Now only one white (a woman old-age pensioner) lives there. This is her story. She lost her husband and both her sons in the war. So she turned her seven-roomed house, her only asset, into a boarding house. She worked hard and did well, paid off her mortgage and began to put something by for her old age. Then the immigrants moved in. With growing fear, she saw one house after another taken over. The quiet street became a place of noise and confusion. Regretfully, her white tenants moved out.

'The day after the last one left, she was awakened at 7am by two Negroes who wanted to use her 'phone to contact their employer. When she refused, as she would have refused any stranger at such an hour, she was abused and feared she would have been attacked but for the chain on her door. Immigrant families have tried to rent rooms in her house, but she always refused. Her little store of money went, and after paying her rates, she has less than £2 per week. She went to apply for a rate reduction and was seen by a young girl, who on hearing she had a seven-roomed house, suggested she should let part of it. When she said the only people she could get were Negroes, the girl said, "Racial prejudice won't get you anywhere in this country." So she went home.

'The telephone is her lifeline. Her family pay the bill, and help her out as best they can. Immigrants have offered to buy her house - at a price which the prospective landlord would be able to recover from his tenants in weeks, or at most a few months. She is becoming afraid to go out. Windows are broken. She finds excreta pushed through her letter box. When she goes to the shops, she is followed by children, charming, wide-grinning piccaninnies. They cannot speak English, but one word they know, "Racialist," they chant. When the new Race Relations Bill is passed, this woman is convinced she will go to prison. And is she so wrong? I begin to wonder.'

The other dangerous delusion from which those who are wilfully or otherwise blind to realities suffer, is summed up in the word "integration." To be integrated into a population means to become for all practical purposes indistinguishable from its other members. Now, at all times, where there are marked physical differences, especially of colour, integration is difficult though, over a period, not impossible. There are among the Commonwealth immigrants who have come to live here in the last fifteen years or so, many thousands whose wish and purpose is to be integrated and whose every thought and endeavour is bent in that direction. But to imagine that such a thing enters the heads of a great and growing majority of immigrants and their descendants is a ludicrous misconception, and a dangerous one to boot.

We are on the verge here of a change. Hitherto it has been force of circumstance and of background which has rendered the very idea of integration inaccessible to the greater part of the immigrant population - that they never conceived or intended such a thing, and that their numbers and physical concentration meant the pressures towards integration which normally bear upon any small minority did not operate.

Now we are seeing the growth of positive forces acting against integration, of vested interests in the preservation and sharpening of racial and religious differences, with a view to the exercise of actual domination, first over fellow-immigrants and then over the rest of the population. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand, that can so rapidly overcast the sky, has been visible recently in Wolverhampton and has shown signs of spreading quickly. The words I am about to use, verbatim as they appeared in the local press on 17 February, are not mine, but those of a Labour Member of Parliament who is a Minister in the present Government:

'The Sikh communities' campaign to maintain customs inappropriate in Britain is much to be regretted. Working in Britain, particularly in the public services, they should be prepared to accept the terms and conditions of their employment. To claim special communal rights (or should one say rites?) leads to a dangerous fragmentation within society. This communalism is a canker: whether

practiced by one colour or another it is to be strongly condemned.'

All credit to John Stonehouse* for having had the insight to perceive that, and the courage to say it.

For these dangerous and divisive elements the legislation proposed in the Race Relations Bill is the very papulum they need to flourish. Here is the means of showing that the immigrant communities can organise to consolidate their members, to agitate and campaign against their fellow citizens, and to overawe and dominate the rest with the legal weapons which the ignorant and the ill-informed have provided. As I look ahead, I am filled with foreboding. Like the Roman, I seem to see 'the River Tiber foaming with much blood.'

That tragic and intractable phenomenom which we watch with horror on the other side of the Atlantic but which there is interwoven with the history and existence of the States itself, is coming upon us here by our own volition and our own neglect. Indeed, it has all but come. In numerical terms, it will be of American proportions long before the end of the century.

Only resolute and urgent action will avert it even now. Whether there will be the public will to demand and obtain that action, I do not know. All I know is that to see, and not to speak, would be the great betrayal.

Furious Britons take to the streets in the late 1960s.
"Britain for the British"
Look at us now. Rabbits running for cover in Australia, New Zealand and Canada. Out of the frying pan into the fire. A pathetic remnant of a once great people.

* John Stonehouse MP, (1925-88). A real Reggie Perrin!
Elected a Labour MP in 1957. Stonehouse believed he would become Prime Minister. After his businesses began to collapse he stole the remaining assets and then faked his own death in Miami, USA, in 1974, leaving his clothes on a beach. Believed drowned or eaten by sharks he reappeared in Australia. Arrested by Australian police who initially believed he was Lord Lucan! Eventually extradited to UK and sentenced to seven years for fraud, theft and deception. Released in 1979 due to ill-health. Died 14 April 1988.
You could not make it up....

Many refer to this as the "*Rivers of Blood*" speech. As you have read, he did not quite say that. The author Simon Heffer's biography of Powell was called *Like the Roman*. More apposite a title perhaps...

14 Words: We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children.

Also 40 years ago...

Triumph For British Justice

Do you feel intimidated when speaking your mind? Wonder who may be listening to your chat with a your pals in the pub? We speak in whispers because most people are scared. A nation of cowardly custards? You had better believe it.

When she was passed the latest issue of *Candour* by a friend after Mass a lady in her eighties, sent me a letter about a case in which she was involved, reminding me of the 40th anniversary of the 'Lewes Race Trial'.

In 1968 five men were prosecuted under Section 6 (1) [a] of the Race Relations Act 1965. They had printed and distributed newspapers such as *Southern News* which deplored mass coloured immigration to the British Isles.

Exactly as Enoch had predicted the full force of the State was turned on Englishmen by the traditional foe and their liberal/Marxist allies. You and I know who they are.

Four men stood in the dock accused of defending their land and kinsfolk against alien invasion.

They were: Alan Hancock (53), Sidney Hardy (39), Geoffrey Dominy (28), Edward Budden (41), the fifth defendant, Thomas Jones, could not be present because of a heart attack.

The Clerk of the Court, read out the indictment and then the first problem for the prosecution became clear.

Sir Joseph Molony. Q.C., defending, submitted that the wording of the charge was as clumsily phrased as was the Act itself.

"My clients are accused of intent to stir up hatred against a section of the public in Great Britain distinguished by colour. I ask what colour? - Black, White, Brown, Yellow or what?"

Mr. Justice Thesiger: This does seem to raise a complicated problem, Sir Joseph. What do you feel about it Mr. Miskin?" (Crown).

"I did not frame the indictment myself but I do see my learned friend's point and I wonder if he has any suggestion in mind or whether m'lud could advise."

Sir Joseph - "The only thing I can say is that I am not accepting the indictment as it stands and I am not letting my clients plead to it - it is a thoroughly slipshod piece of wording and I am surprised at the Public Prosecutors office producing it."

Mr. Miskin then suggested that the word 'coloured' obviously meant Black, Brown, or Yellow and not White."

Sir Joseph said "That is an absurd suggestion because it means that neither my Learned Friend nor I have a colour although I would proudly describe my colour as white and so, I think, would my Learned Friend".

Mr. Miskin "M'Lud how would you and Sir Joseph feel if we altered the wording to 'distinguished by colour other than White'"?

Mr. Justice Thesinger "That would seem to be much clearer, Sir Joseph, don't you think?"

"Well m'lud it is certainly better than the present meaningless phrasing and I will advise my clients to plead 'Not Guilty' if you would ask the Clerk of the Court to have the wording inserted as suggested. I could object on a number of other points but this case has been hanging on for over 14 months and the sooner it is concluded the better for all of us." The revised indictment having been read, the accused pleaded "Not Guilty".

Mr. James Miskin, Q.C. Opened the case for the Crown.

He told the Jury that this was the first major case under Section 6 of the Race relations Act 1965 and therefore great store must be set by the decision which they would reach. After explaining in detail the provisions of the Act (Which could then sentence any of us to a maximum of 2 years in gaol but is now up to 7 years! Ed.) he said "We all know what a serious problem has arisen in these islands since the war as a result of the large influx of coloured immigrants, other than white! To mention but a few examples: the housing shortage has become acute and it is claimed in many quarters that there are appallingly crowded conditions; the Health Services have been strained to the limit, new diseases have come to land which we thought had been stamped out have begun to reappear (This begins to read like a speech for the Defence not the Crown. Ed). The police too have their problems with new types of crime and criminals. There is also the age-old problem - one which causes the deepest feelings in many hearts - that of mixed marriage. Who would dare to say that many people do not feel very strongly about all these things and want to discuss them. The accused men have said that they want to see all the immigrants returned to their own lands. Well that is one solution to the problem and one which many might think is reasonable enough provided it is done in a humane manner. These are matters, members of the Jury which we see and hear discussed daily in the press, in public places and on T.V. No doubt some of you have your own very clear cut views on this vital question of the day. Upon one thing, however, all responsible men and women, no matter what their colour, are agreed - until there is some happy solution to the problem, we have to live together in as peaceful a condition as possible. That is why the Race Relations Act became law in 1965 - so that we might live together without hatred and insulting each other." And so he went on.

Crown evidence was then given by police witnesses and depositions from complainants read out. Reliance for the case being placed entirely on the contents of *Southern N*ews published by the RPS (Racial Preservation Society).

BRILLIANT DEFENCE

The case for the Defence was in the hands of, Sir Joseph Molony. Q.C. That this brilliant advocate was involved in the case was in large part due to the efforts of A.K. Chesterton, Editor of *Candour,* and the financial support of *Candour* readers who contributed several thousands of Pounds.

It is impossible now to believe that a speech such as that of which excerpts follow would a). be allowed or b). approved by a jury of our 'peers'! (I do not have the space to reprint it in full here but for a complete photocopy of the April, 1968, issue of *Candour*, TRIUMPH FOR BRITISH JUSTICE, with a much more complete report of the trial please send £2.00 to *The A.K. Chesterton Trust*).

SIR JOSEPH OPENS

In opening the case for the Defence, Sir Joseph Molony pointed out that Mr. Miskin had given a very clear and concise account of the dangerous racial problem which had developed in this country since the war. "In fact I do not think he could have given a clearer or fairer picture of the problems of race, problems which my clients have set out to bring to the notice of the public. But what Mr. Miskin has said is, in effect, 'there is nothing wrong in our having strong feelings about race - but this Act - the Muzzle Act has been made law to stop you writing or expressing your views on this subject'. He dares to tell you, members of the Jury, that you as Britons, have lost your inalienable right to express your opinions about a matter of more than ordinary public importance, it is a matter which concerns our future for all time.

"Are we to remain a nation of people with a fine character which we have built up over centuries of good stock or are we to cast away all that we have built up and become mingled with the blood of strangers and are we to protect the strangers from criticism by this Muzzle Act? I can't think of a more scandalous idea. Make no mistake, this act means death to free speech and worse even than that - it could mean death to our race as we know it and value it. Of course no one wants to preach hatred of another race unless he is a fool or a knave but I claim that the Prosecution has entirely failed in a rather feeble attempt to show that there was anything insulting in *RPS News* or anything likely to incite to hatred against people other than white. So far, my Learned Friend, Mr. Miskin has given you plenty of examples of insults to white people - the Liberals, the Politicians, the Communists have all come in for a goodly measure of insults. But who cares about that? I would go so far as to say that the standing of the politicians of all parties is so low in the minds of the average man and woman that it would almost be impossible to insult a politician. I personally distrust most of them and probably everyone in this Court feels the same."

In his closing speech for the defence Sir Joseph continued in similar vein.

"....All the witnesses for the prosecution have been White people who seemingly objected to attacks on liberals and politicians and I have asked what was the attorney General's Office and the Public Prosecutor's Office doing during all these months that the case has been waiting for a hearing. My learned friend suspected a trap in my question. It was no trap, members of the Jury, the question was asked for this reason, the Prosecution has had fourteen solid months to find a Black man to bring as a witness that he had felt insulted. Think of it FOURTEEN MONTHS and not one single Black witness. Doesn't that make you think? Was I not right when I called it the Muzzle Act. Your duty is to acquit the defendants and not let the Muzzle Act get away with it in its attempt to stifle free speech and fair comment.

Following the Judge's summing up, the Jury retired to consider its verdict and after an absence of some four hours returned to announce that it had unanimously found the accused "not guilty".

The defendants, their long ordeal over, were thereupon discharged. They were, however, in what many saw as a vindictive move, refused their costs, which amounted to several thousand pounds.

The result of the increasingly brutal Race Relations Acts is that, increasingly, our people look over their shoulders before speaking in whispers.... And say "Enoch was right you know..... But it's too late now...." Is it really? Let us see. (Ed.)

The Highest Courage

The highest courage is not to be found in the instinctive acts of men who risk their lives to save a friend or slay a foe; the physical fearlessness of a moment or an hour is not to be compared with immolation of months or years for the sake of wisdom or art.

Joseph H. Odell
*Unmailed Letter*s

The Greatest Prize Fight Of All Time

By Jeffery Farnol*

From *Epics of The Fancy***

The bare fist is pre-eminently the Ango-Saxon's weapon, and surely an honester weapon never was or will be: For, saith the bard:

Scorning all treacherous feud and deadly strife,
The dark stilleto and the deadly knife,
We boast a science sprung from manly pride
Linked with true courage and to health allied -
A noble pastime, void of vain pretence,
The fine, old English art of self defence.

The Men

John C. Heenan, called the 'Benicia Boy'. Was born in 1834 in West Troy, America. He stood 6ft. 2in. and weighed 13 stone 7lb. Chiefly celebrated for his historic encounter with Tom Sayers. John Heenan fought Tom King at Wadhurst, in Kent, for £2,000 a side. He later married Adah Isaacs Menken, the celebrated beauty, who was the "Mazeppa" at Astley's Circus, who was a friend of Charles Dickens and Algernon Swinburne. Heenan died on October 28, 1873, at Green River Station, Wyoming, U.S.A.

Tom Sayers, Champion of England, was born at Brighton on July 17, 1826. He stood 5ft. 8. 1/2 in., and his fighting weight was 10 stone 10lb. He was beaten only once, and that by Nat. Langham after sixty-one terrific rounds. For calm courage, science and ring-craft there have been very few to equal him. Tom, being but a smallish man (he was never more than 11 stone) had frequently to give weight away, and fought many an uphill battle, yet his supreme generalship combined with his judgment of distance and the effective hitting of his unerring fists made him the victorious wonder that he was.

So Tom became a champion and a belted hero, but alas! fame, the extraordinary adulation he received and, above all, Tom himself, proved too much for poor Tom and he died on November 11, 1865, at the early age of thirty-nine. So they buried him in Highgate Cemetery and set up a monument to his memory.

SAYERS v. HEENAN

LONDON Bridge Station at four o'clock of a cold April morning; and a huge crowd, citizens of every degree awaiting the special train. For it is April 17, in the year of Grace 1860. To-day the American, Heenan, is to fight Sayers, England's champion, our mighty, little Tom.

Wherefore this crowd, somewhat furtive, rather like a pack of truant school-boys, waits, with a truly exemplary patience, despite the discomforts of draughty platform and bleak, unseasonable hour; comes the train at last (late of course) into which this model crowd packs itself, good-naturedly, and is whirled away in joyous discomfort to country lanes, chill wind, and clinging mud; and thus at last reaches a field, troublously remote and cunningly screened from chance observation by lofty trees and quickset hedges for this is indeed the field of combat.

Tom Sayers grave. Highgate cemetery. Lion* on guard.**

Here, upon this remote and shady green we are to to behold an exhibition of such indomitable courage, skill and endurance, such heroic fortitude as shall live in men's memories, shall be told of and written about for many a long year to come. Who's pushing behind there? What, are they coming... Yes, Ecod it's Heenan, the American! And big enough too! D'ye think Tom can manage him?

Behold this young Goliath, 6ft. 2in. of brawn and muscle, leap nimbly over the ropes! Hark to the cheers of his friends and backers. Hurrah for the Benicia Boy - shout for Heenan, lads - come all the way from America to meet our Tom!

And now listen to the counter cheers. This roar of affectionate acclaim, rising wave on wave, and all for this other man who comes with his short, quick stride, a smile on his good-humoured face as he nods this way and that; but, such small man and with no great show of muscle as he strips. Can this be - well, hear the crowd!

"There's Tom! There be our Tom! Hurrah for Tom, Champion of all England."

And Tom, having acknowledged this noisy welcome, glances towards Goliath, notes his determined air, views with practised eye his powerful limbs and torso; and, looking for some weak spot and finding none, nods him happy greeting; for this is going to be truly a mill, and Tom is a fighter from head to foot. He loses the toss, and consequently must face his gigantic opponent with the sun in his eyes, but Tom only smiles, for his other name - is Sayers.

And now all voices are hushed as the men front each other; 6ft. 2in. And 5ft. 8 in., a disparity so ridiculous that the crowd gives tongue, while 5ft. 8in. smiles up at 6ft. 2in., whose ferocious mouth curls in confident grin.

Here is no place to record this famous combat blow by blow (besides, unfortunately, I was not there). Hasten we rather to the seventh round which was to earn for our Tom a glory that is yet undimmed.

Meantime the fight has begun.

Watch now! Aha, Heenan leads and just reaches the champions mouth, but receives a hard-driven, unerring reply, and the crowd roars acclaim for that well-timed blow has drawn first blood. And now they are at it, with feint and parry, in and out again, smacking home resounding blows at long range and short, or closing for the fall, with straining arms and play of legs, inner heel and outer, cross-buttock and all the tricks in vogue.

And now, of course, out comes the morning sun, his level beams blinding poor Tom, and so worrying him that he frowns, lowers his head and tries to work round his man, but the big fellow grins and keeps his advantage.

As the fight progresses, Tom's foot work is a joy to behold, he is in and out again with stabbing left or thudding right, he is here and there, ducking, dodging yet always attacking, like the born fighter he is.

Both are somewhat battered as they face each other for this historic Seventh Round; one of Heenan's eyes is closing and he drips blood from cut cheek and split eye-brow; not only is he thus swollen and disfigured, but his great chest shows the vivid marks of the English champion's powerful fists, while Tom (smiling, imperturbable Tom), bleeds also from an eyebrow and has, moreover, been knocked down four times, and so heavily that many there are who judge him a beaten man, little knowing then his enormous vitality and courageous spirit.

And now they are at it again with a never ceasing shuffle and stamps of quick moving feet; our Tom is feeling comfortably set, his blows seem even better-timed and harder - there, on Goliath's nose, ye Gods! A crushing blow that nearly lifts him off his mighty legs! And there again - another flush hit that rocks 6ft. 2in. and sends him reeling. Heenan, recovering, drives a smashing return blow, but Tom expects it, leaps back - bounds in again and then, out shoots Heenan's terrific right backed by arm, shoulder and mighty body, Tom stops it with his forearm... and is numb to the shoulder... So the fight rages, ever fiecer; now they clinch and 5ft. 8in. drives in damaging body blows ere, wrestling, down he goes beneath.

It is the eighth round, and Tom is as quick as ever but - look! Why doesn't he use his right - that trusty right which has gone so far to make him champion of England?

...D'ye see how he keeps it across his chest - inactive? Why trust entirely to his left, against so mighty an opponent?

And round after round he comes up smiling, his right in the orthodox position, arm across chest, relying now for defence only upon his nimble feet, and, for attack, upon his stinging left. Alas, his good right arm is done for. And yet his left serves him nobly - behold that smashing fist and see Hercules spin, totter and fall. Bravo our Tom! But now, instead of taking his half-minute rest, Master Thomas must go prying into Heenan's corner to watch the seconds wiping blood away.

Next ensues a round that lasts fifteen terrible minutes and Tom, no longer able to even lift his arm, it dangles limp and cumbersome at his side.

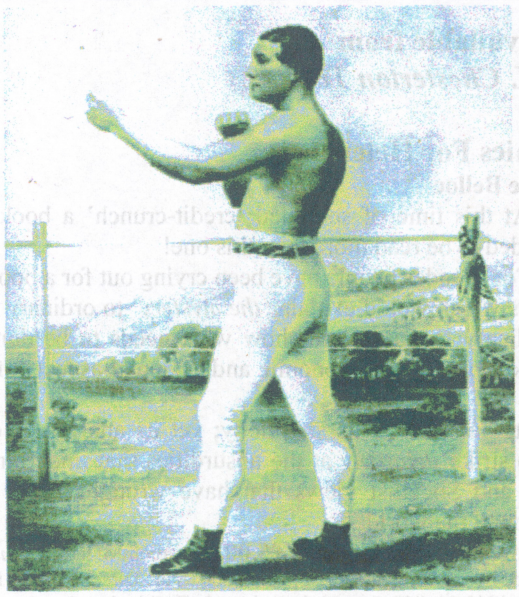
Yet round succeeds round, 5ft. 8in.'s left fist against Goliath's two. Tom is down and up again, a distorted grin upon his battered face, his courage still unshaken, for with his solitary fist he is playing for Hennan's eyes, slowly but surely blinding him, since this seems the only chance left.

But he is greatly battered, nose and mouth seem one, he is a smear of blood, from the belt up, yet that awful face is still lighted by the quenchless courage of his soul. And he keeps cool, watching every chance, yet, time and again, he is smitten to the trampled grass. But it is round the twenty-first and Heenan is fast going blind....

Go it, brave Tom, a little longer - only a little longer lad!

Alas, though his spirit is bold as ever, his bruised body (and small wonder) is weakening fast, yet see him rally, see Heenan reel back from that unerring, punishing left. But Heenan recovers again, is on him, has his head in Chancery - alas poor Tom. Yet Heenan is too weak to do much damage, and Tom is free - fighting grimly as ever and - Heenan is blind at last! Now Tom a reward for all thy indomitable courage! Cheer, shout for Tom the unconquerable, Tom the champion still! - What is that disturbance? Heaven and earth, the police! And if it be known that we - such very respectable members of society as ourselves were here - at a brutal prize fight!!! Let us go... slip off this way. The fight is ended anyhow. What, a draw? Well hurrah for our Tom, and another for the game lad from Benicia - Americans are the right breed after all!

* * *



Tom Sayers, portrait by W.L.W. (identity unknown), 1860.

*Jeffery Farnol (1878-1952). Author and war correspondent. In the 1910's through to the 50's he was a best-selling author now sadly neglected, or should I say unfashionable. Well worth seeking out copies of his work in charity or secondhand bookshops.
Titles include *The Amateur Gentleman* (1913), *Black Bartlemy's Treaure* (1920), and *Beltane the Smith* (1950).

** "The Fancy". A broad term that covered the 'toughs's and the 'toff's'. Gambling men, 'game' men. Sometimes the same. Miss. Rosine de Bounevialle knew one of the last. Mr. Robert Seivier who died in 1939. Gambler, boxer, actor, sportsman, racehorse owner *(Sceptre* most famously), but that is another story for another day. His ivory-gold tie-pin is before me as I type this....

***Lion, Sayers' gigantic English mastiff was a gift from Lord Derby of "The Fancy". A patron of many sports including the "noble art".

The Sayers vs Heenan fight was fought under the London Prize Ring Rules introduced in 1838 by the Pugilistic Society. Previously bouts were fought under the 'Broughton Rules'. Known as 'the father of English Boxing, Jack Broughton, champion from 1729 until 1750 introduced the first written rules for boxing in 1743. He died in January, 1789, aged 86 a wealthy man. He was buried in the West Cloister of Westminster Abbey along with his wife Elizabeth where his gravestone can be seen to this very day.

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(Editor: Colin Todd)

Candour Extra

Subscribers Only **Nov 2008**

Your Reaction to the August 2008 Issue...

...was, I am pleased to report, very positive indeed. The criticism was constructive and the support both by way of feedback and donations very encouraging. I was particularly surprised by the number of completely new subscribers and the welcome return of former subscribers. In one case a lady who had last seen an issue of *Candour* in the late 1960's! Copies of the last issue have popped-up in some of the unlikeliest places and found their way into the right hands. All of which leads me to look at ways of further boosting subscriptions.

One is to introduce a new level of subscription for two copies of each issue. One for you and another to be handed on by you to a friend, at a meeting (many of you are members of one organisation or more), the possibilities are many. Please let me have your thoughts. I did have in mind something like charging 25.00 for a two issues per copy sub. Charging a minimum rate to cover my postage costs.I am always open to all suggestions.

TEETHING PROBLEMS

Certainly there are teething problems with the new set-up and it needs working on. I produced the latest issue of *Candour* on the old computer and I am, trying, to do this *Extra* on the new. I am in a rush and cannot find the Pound sign which comes out as #. So please bear with me.....
Colin,

A Joyful Christmas to All Our Readers

Dr. Fredrick Toben

Germans continue *pursuit* of historian who Escaped clutches

Germany is to continue to pursue Gerald Fredrick Toben, a well-known Holocaust revisionist even after a British court ruled against his extradition and set him free.

Speaking on Monday 24 November a German state prosecutor stated, "Toben is wanted on charges of denying the Holocaust in articles posted on his Web site.

Outrageously Dr. Toben was seized from a plane on October 1, at London's Heathrow airport, by British police using a European Arrest Warrant issued by Germany. Dr. Toben was traveling from the United States to Dubai and the passengers on the plane were not even due to disembark during refueling.

Finally after more than six weeks in custody in a British prison he was released from custody on Nov. 19 after magistrates ruled that the extradition warrant was so badly and vaguely worded that they would not have been able to satisy the UK courts - for juristictional reasons - that the conduct amounted to an extradition offence

Dr. Toben is Australian and resident there and his Web site is hosted there. Grossmann, the German prosecutor, argued that because his Web site is accessible in Germany, he can by law , be prosecuted for Holocaust denial in Germany. "England will not extradite him, but we will continue to attempt to have him arrested in other countries," a thwarted Grossmann said.

Dr. Toben was previously arrested while traveling through Germany and convicted by the Mannheim court of Holohoax denial in 1999. Served seven month in prison before release. (Please remember Ernst Zundel is serving five years in Mannheim jail for exactly the same offence).

More recently, Toben participated in Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's 2006 conference convened to debate whether the (alleged) World War II genocide of Jews took place.

Dr. Toben's released a statement after his release from his Web site.

He stated that he will "proceed with his historical work secure in the knowledge that despite the perfidy of British politicians, the London courts have rescued their country's honour and preserved the proud heritage of Magna Carta."

Dr. Toben runs the **Adelaide Institute**. Check out his Web site for a wealth of information.

Next Issue. *Candour* will have to begin to look at the so-called 'credit-crunch'. **PLUS:** an exclusive. A.K.'S thoughts on meeting Douglas Hyde. Communist turned Catholic. Not flattering. Never before printed letter.

Donations

The appeal in the last issue of *Candour* resulted in 9 donations totally 135 Pounds. A heartfelt thank you to all who responded. However, and there is always a 'however', we need to be doing more than treading water and simply surviving. This is a crucially important time to keep expanding. I realise that it also means we all have less cash to spare. A conundrum I trust we can solve together.

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